

I'm Here

by Bex-La-Get

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Fred W., Hermione G.

Pairings: Fred W./Hermione G.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-13 16:27:32

Updated: 2016-04-13 16:27:32

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:42:30

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,842

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Fred and Hermione grow closer after the war and, what starts off as a friendship, eventually blooms into love. Fremione. Oneshot. All rights belong to J.K. Rowling.

I'm Here

\_\*\*A/N: So Shadukiam has unleashed the Fremione monster in my head so, of course, I had to write a fic for them. After it's all said and done, I just have this to say: I REGRET NOTHING!\*\*\_

\*\*\_Tallyho!\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>The Gryffindor Common Room was silent, save for the crackling of the wood in the fireplace. The same could not be said for Fred Weasley's mind, however. The day's events continued to replay in his mind: a green flash, the falling of a wall, being shoved out of the way by something, a voiceâ€| <em>her <em>voice.

"It's okay; I've got you," she had said. "I'm here."

Not only had she pushed him out of the way of the falling wall, she had stayed with him as he was moved to the makeshift infirmary in the Great Hall to heal his wounds. She stood by him and when the final battle between Harry and Voldemort occurred, they protected each other from any Death Eaters who came near them.

They hadn't spoken much after the battle ended; she tended the wounded and he brought some spirits back up by joking around with the others. By the time they \_could \_talk, he could see that she was exhausted and sent her off to bed. They could talk later.

Now, at two in the morning, Fred was wide awake and wished he had taken the opportunity to talk to her. He wanted to thank her for saving his life; he wanted to see how she was doing; and he wanted to know why, all of a sudden, he couldn't get her off his mind.

He had no idea someone else had entered the Common Room until he saw a figure move out of the corner of his eye. He looked up and found Hermione smiling down at him, holding a blanket. "Hey," she said quietly.

"Hey," he replied.

"Couldn't sleep?" She asked, sitting down and placing the blanket over both of them.

He shook his head. "Nah. Too much thinking to do for that!"

"Oh really? Like what, exactly?"

"Oh, you know. New inventions for the shop, places to expand the business, new ways to torment Ronniekins, all that good stuff!"

She giggled. "Well, whatever you decide, I'm sure it'll be great fun for all involvedâ€| except Ron, of course."

He chuckled and shook his head. "I wonder if George has the blueprints for that new hair color bomb we wanted to try outâ€| we could try it on Ron and see what happens!"

Hermione covered her mouth with her hand as she laughed. "Sorry, I just had this image in my head of Ron with bright green hair. It doesn't work for him very well."

Fred had to cover his face with a nearby pillow to muffle his own laughter. When they finally calmed down, he looked at her and his smile fell a little. "Hey," he said, taking her hand in his, "I just want to say thank you; for saving my life and for staying with me. I wouldn't be here if it weren't for you."

She laced her fingers through his and squeezed his hand. "You would've done the same for me," she whispered.

He nodded. "Yes, I would have." He sighed and covered their clasped hands with his free one. "Hermione, I owe you my life; and I don't think I'll ever be able to repay you for what you did for me but I want you to know that if you ever need anything or any\_one,\_ I'll be here for you."

She smiled and leaned her head on his shoulder. "Thank you," she said.

\* \* \*

><p>She would need him six months later when her heart broke. He arrived at her flat only to find her curled up on the couch, tear stains on her face, clutching a letter tightly in her hand. Immediately, he went to her and moved her so she was curled up in his lap, her head on his shoulder, and he rocked her back and forth. "Hermione, what happened?"<p>

She sniffed and clutched the letter closer to her heart. "M- my parents; I- I can't bring them back. T- the memory charm I placed on them was too strong. We can't bring their memories back without risking their lives in the process."

"Oh, Hermione," he said.

She sniffed. "There was a chance they could survive but since they're muggles, they most likely couldn't survive the memory replacement like wizards would be able to. It's better just to leave them where they are rather than risk their lives just to bring their memories back."

His grip on her tightened and she broke down into tears again. He held her as she cried. His heart hurt for her; he wished there was something he could do for her but, sadly, there was nothing. The only thing he could do was provide her comfort in her time of hurting, just like she did for him the day of the final battle.

"I j- just wish I could see them one last time," she whispered through the tears.

"I know," he said, quietly. "I'm so sorry, Hermione." He kissed her temple and held on to her tightly. "I'm here," he told her. "I've got you."

\* \* \*

><p>When Hermione opened up her book shop four months later, Fred was the first person to see the final product.<p>

"Wow," he whistled. "This place is huge! You sure you have enough books to fill this place?"

She laughed and nodded. "I actually have too many books! I over ordered so the storage room's full of extra books. Don't worry; I'll be set for weeks on supply before I have to place another order!"

He smiled as he watched her hum to herself as she organized some papers on her desk. Ever since the final battle, he had grown an attachment to her and she to him. It started off as a close friendship but over the past few months, he felt something else growing between them. It had taken a lot of pushing from George to finally admit that he fancied her. He just hoped she felt the same about him.

"Hey Hermione?" He said.

"Yes?" She replied, looking up.

He felt his heart skip a beat as he looked into those brown eyes he'd grown so fond of. He cleared his throat. "What do you say we grab dinner tonight after you close up? You know, like a celebration of your new shop opening."

She smiled and nodded. "That sounds great! Would everyone else be joining us?"

He faltered for a second. "Well, er, no. I was thinking something along the lines of just you and me. If that's okay, of course. If

not, we can totally invite everyone else and-" he was cut off by Hermione kissing him on the cheek. "That sounds lovely, Fred. Eight o'clock okay?"

He grinned and nodded. "I'll pick you up."

\* \* \*

><p>Dinner was perfect. Fred was constantly making her laugh throughout the meal and, in turn, she shared some insight with him on some new inventions for the shop. After dinner, they wandered through muggle London together until they reached her flat.<p>

"Coffee?" She asked, when they reached her front door. He nodded and followed her inside.

They continued to talk about the store and the bookshop as she made coffee for both of them. They talked until the early hours of the morning. When Fred finally realized what time it was, he made a half-hearted excuse to leave, not really wanting to but he knew he should go back to the shop and make sure George wasn't staying up too late working on another invention.

His thoughts on the shop and George halted, however, when he met Hermione's eyes at the door. She smiled at him and, without thinking, he leaned down to kiss her. It took less than a second for her to respond; she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him closer, as the kiss grew more passionate. It wasn't long before all thoughts that didn't surround Hermione were gone from Fred's mind as they blindly walked to her bedroom, never breaking the kiss.

\* \* \*

><p>"Fred, I wish you would just tell me where we're going!" She said, exasperated that she had been tricked into letting him blindfold her.<p>

"Well, if I did that, then it wouldn't be a surprise, would it?" He said. She didn't have to see him to know he was smirking.

"But I don't even like surprises!"

"You'll like this one; I promise," he said.

She sighed and continued to follow him as he led her to Merlin knew where. Finally, he stopped. "Well? Can I take the blindfold off now?" She asked.

Instead of answering, he lifted the blindfold and, once her eyes adjusted, she gasped. They were standing on a pier over some beautiful water. But that wasn't what had her eyes watering; across from the pier, at a small restaurant, were her parents, eating lunch and laughing.

"I did some more research into memory reversal charms," Fred said. "Sadly, I couldn't find anything that could help bring their memories back but I remembered you said that you wanted to see them one last time. I figured this could be the next best thing." It was clear he was nervous about her reaction; if the fiddling of his hands didn't give it away, his expression surely did.

"Fred," Hermione said, "I- I don't know what to say."

"I'm sorry it's not better; but this was the best I could do. Are you mad?"

She sniffed and threw her arms around his neck. "No, I'm not mad," she said, pulling out of the hug. She wiped some tears away and smiled. "Fred, this is so sweet of you. Thank you; even if I can't talk to them, at least I can see that they're safe. That- that means more to me than I could ever say."

"Would you like to get closer and see them better?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No. It's enough for me that I can see that they're okay; that they're happy."

He smiled and kissed the top of her head. "I love you, you know," he whispered.

"I know; and I love you," she replied, smiling.

\* \* \*

><p><em>There was screaming and the sounds of explosions coming from every direction. He felt like he couldn't breathe, his chest was so tight. He looked around and saw George fighting a Death Eater. He ran over to his twin to help him when he saw a green flash hit him and George fell flat to the ground.<em>

\_It felt like a piece of his soul had just been ripped out. His twin was dead; his best friend was gone. \_

\_Screaming in agony and anger, he rushed over to the Death Eater who had killed George. He began to throw curses left and right, his only thought being that he had to avenge his twin's death. That was when he made a mistake: he threw a strong curse towards the Death Eater but missed and hit a nearby wall instead. It was so powerful, however, that the wall began to tumble. \_

\_The last thing he remembered was watching the wall come crashing down towards him.\_

"NO!" He screamed, sitting up in bed. He was sweating, breathing heavy, and disoriented. For a few seconds, he wasn't sure where he was. Then he felt two small arms snake their way around him and listened to the only voice that seemed to calm him when he was in this state.

"Shh, it's okay," Hermione said, brushing some hair out of his face. "I've got you; I'm here. You're okay, I promise."

His breathing began to slow down as he listened to her voice. As he became less disoriented, he began to realize where they were: in his room in the flat above the shop. It was Friday, which meant that George was at Angelina's and explained why Hermione was here. That also explains why his twin didn't come barging into the room the second he woke up from his nightmare.

When he felt his heartbeat return to normal, he removed himself from

Hermione's arms and locked himself in the loo for a few minutes. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and sighed; his eyes were red, as if he'd been crying, and skin was flushed. He splashed some water on his face and ran his fingers through his hair, taking a deep breath. After a couple minutes, he returned to the bedroom to find Hermione sitting up and waiting for him.

He gave her a small smile and crawled back into bed and into her open arms. She kissed his head softly and ran fingers through his hair. "You okay?" She asked.

He nodded. "I am now; thank you for being here."

She smiled. "We've talked about this before, love. I'll always be here for you."

He smiled and nuzzled his nose against hers. "I know; it's just nice to have that reassurance."

She chuckled. "Well, either way, you're stuck with me now, Weasley," she said, and he saw her engagement ring gleam from the moonlight coming in from the open window.

He smirked. "That's a price I'm willing to pay, Granger," he said, kissing her.

\* \* \*

><p>They got married two years after the end of the war in mid June. Molly insisted that the wedding take place at the Burrow and pretty much took charge of everything in regards to wedding planning.<p>

The wedding itself was beautiful; Fred and Hermione wrote their own vows and, surprisingly, Fred's were very heartfelt and sweet (and even made Hermione tear up at one point). When they had their first kiss as husband and wife, a series of fireworks went off, courtesy of George.

There were several more firework shows during the reception, which went on well into the early hours of the morning. By the time Hermione and Fred got home, they had just enough energy to get out of their wedding attire and into something more comfortable before passing out face first on the bed.

\* \* \*

><p>Hermione would become pregnant with their first child two years later. Fred cried when she told him and he spun her around, laughing.<p>

"Fred, if you don't put me down, I'm going to vomit on you!" She said, laughing.

He put her down only to pull her into a tight hug. "I'm gonna be a dad," he said, grinning.

She smiled and nodded only to be picked up by her husband once again.

"FRED!" She squealed.

"Don't worry, love," he said, kissing her. "I've got you."

\* \* \*

><p>Claire Elizabeth Weasley was born six months later with a full head of auburn hair and bright blue eyes. It had been a long and difficult labor for Hermione and Fred was terrified he would lose her; but she pulled through and both she and baby were as healthy as could be.<p>

The entire Weasley clan (and Harry) were all waiting outside to hear how Hermione and the baby were doing. As soon as Fred was assured by the Healers that both his wife and his daughter were perfectly healthy, he ran out into the hallway and yelled "It's a girl!" Molly broke down into tears, his father and brothers all gave him a pat on the back while Ginny and Harry hugged him in congratulations.

Once the baby was cleaned up and in her mother's arms, the Healers allowed family to visit. Fred held his wife in his arms as his family cooed over the baby; his baby. He beamed with pride when she wrapped her small hand around his finger and laughed when she then proceeded to suck on it.

When they brought the baby home, a few days later, they kept her crib in their room for the time being so they'd be able to get to her easier when she woke up in the middle of the night. True to their expectations, Claire woke up in the middle of the night a couple weeks later, crying.

Fred got up before Hermione could properly wake up and picked up his daughter. He began to bounce her softly and hum to her. Thankfully, she quieted almost immediately and just listened to her father's voice. Fred began to talk to her, unaware that Hermione was watching him, smiling.

"It's okay, my love," he said, quietly. "Daddy's got you. I'm here; I'll always be here."

\*\*The End.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Hope you liked it!<em>\*\*

\*\*\_Please review!\_\*\*

End  
file.